

The Sketch.

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The Sketch

No. 1171.—Vol. XCI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

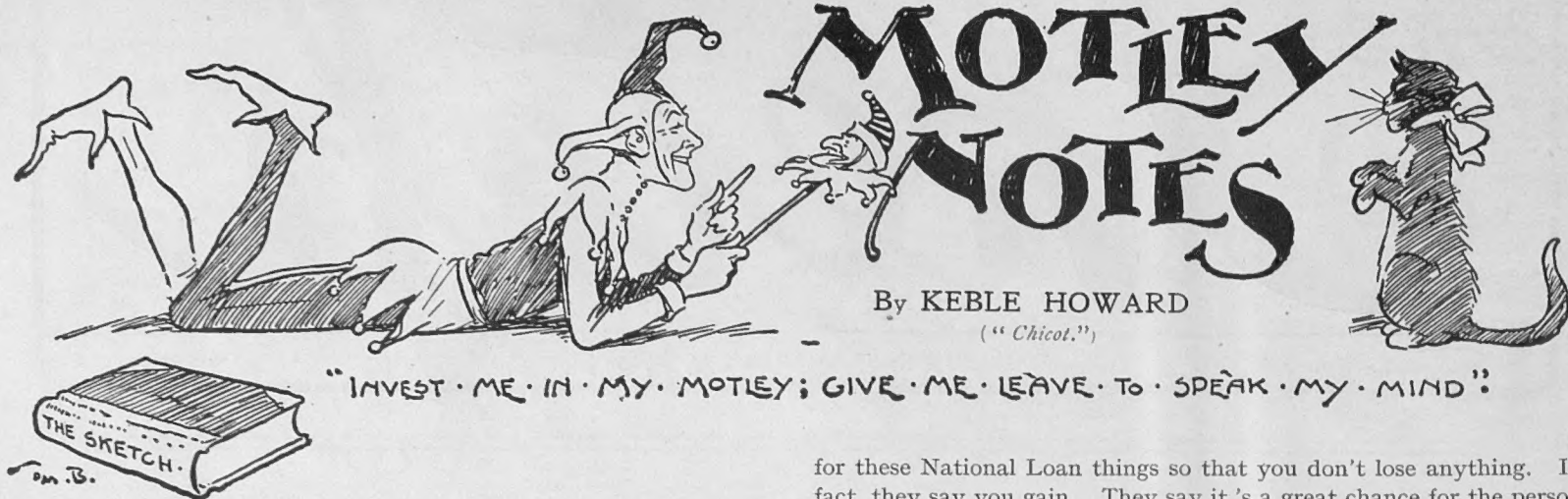


PAIRING SOCIETY LADIES AND FAMOUS LADY LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS, FOR RED-CROSS CHARITIES. THE COUNTESS OF ROCKSAVAGE.

The Countess of Rocksavage has spared no pains to ensure the success of the Lawn-Tennis Tournament at Ranelagh to-day (Wednesday, July 7), and the "stars" of the tennis world will fight in her favour. It is unprecedented that such "pairs" should be seen in a single day, the fine players "partnered" including such well-known people as Mrs. Lambert Chambers and the Marchioness of Anglesey, Mrs. McNair and the Countess of Portarlington, Mrs. Parton and Miss de Trafford, Mrs. Tuckey and Lady Victoria Primrose, Mrs. Sterry and the Hon. Bridget Cole-

brooke, Mrs. Satterthwaite and Countess Nada Torby, Mrs. O'Neill and Countess Zia Torby, Mrs. Colston and the Countess of Drogheda, Mrs. Edgington and Miss Violet Sassoon, Miss Tulloch and the Marchioness of Headfort, Mrs. Armstrong and Lady Maud Warrender, and Lady Crosfield and Miss Elliadi. Lady Rocksavage, whose portrait we give, was, before her marriage to the Marquess of Cholmondeley's eldest son, Miss Sybil Sassoon, daughter of Sir Edward Sassoon. Exhibitions of golf and croquet will also be given by well-known players.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



The Dear Old Lady Again.

"Well," said the dear old lady, as she gently dusted the glass shade that has protected the wax fruit for more than a hundred years, "I was quite prepared for it, you know. In a way, I am glad that it has come at last. Anything, as my grandmother used to say, is better than suspense. They were the last words she uttered. It was a great weight off her mind, poor thing."

"I gather that something has happened?"

"Why, dear me, yes! Haven't you read about it? The paper has been full of it. They call it the National Register."

"Oh, yes! I've read about that, of course."

The dear old lady left the wax fruit and turned her attention to the stuffed weasel.

"As I say, I was quite prepared for it. I shall feel very proud to be enrolled, and they may rely upon me to do my utmost, no matter what the emergency may be."

"But, surely—!" I began, and then stopped.

"Oh, yes, I am," replied the dear old lady, smiling at my embarrassment. "I come within the limit, I'm glad to say. I'm only sixty-four, you know. . . . It will be rather a wrench, just at first," she mused, "to shut up the house, but I shall get over that. The only thing I'm really worried about is to know what to do with my poor Snobby. I suppose they wouldn't let me take a cat into camp, would they?"

"Into camp? You don't imagine that you'll be asked to go into camp, do you?"

"Certainly, I do. I take it that we shall all go into camp. There are a great many things I could do in a camp. Dusting, for instance. The tents must get shockingly dusty. And making tea. I shouldn't be surprised if thousands of those poor soldiers have never tasted a decent cup of tea in their lives! Depend upon it, they never warm the pot, much less the cups and spoons! And then I shall work some samplers that they can take with them into battle, like the knights of old. I should be very proud to think of a famous regiment going into battle with one of my samplers on a big pole at the head. I could work some horrible things about the Germans into it, and the colours might be quite alarming. I wonder what sort of uniform we shall have?"

"I doubt if they've got as far as that."

"No, I daresay not. I shall write them on the matter, offering a few suggestions. We're all a little tired of khaki, I think. We want something serviceable, but not too gloomy. A nice drill might do. And so appropriate. I must think it out. Now I want you to explain to me all about the National Loan. I want to get rid of my Consols and invest the money in the National Loan."

Patriotic Finance. "I'm not very good at finance," I warned her.

"Oh, I don't believe that. All men are good at figures. And then this scheme is so simple. All the papers and all the Cabinet Ministers say so. Now. How can I convert—isn't that the word?—my Consols into War Loan?"

"Well, I suppose you will begin by selling the Consols."

"Oh, no. I've tried that. I can't get nearly as much for them as they cost originally, and I shouldn't dream of selling them at a loss. Especially when we've all been told to take care of our money. Oh, dear, no! But there's some way of changing them

for these National Loan things so that you don't lose anything. In fact, they say you gain. They say it's a great chance for the person with Consols. So will you, if you please, tell me how to set about it?"

"I should think you'd have to get some sort of a certificate, to begin with."

"What sort of a certificate? And where do I go for it?"

"I should go to the bank for it."

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that. The clerks always smile when I go into the bank. I don't know why, but they do. So I never go."

"Wouldn't your lawyer be able to help you?"

"I have no lawyer. I had one once—Mr. Elliott—a very nice man—but he died. Since then I have never had a lawyer. I shouldn't care to discuss my private affairs with a stranger."

"I see. You're quite sure that you wish to invest in the National Loan?"

"Why, of course! Isn't it our duty? And aren't we to get four-and-a-half per cent.? It's the very thing! I'm delighted with it! So will you please tell me how to do it?"

"To be quite candid, I don't know."

"You don't know?" The dog with the white face, blue ears, pink nose, and yellow paws nearly crashed into the fender.

"I'm afraid not."

"You mean that?"

"I do. If I had any Consols myself, I shouldn't know in the least what to do with them."

"Then what would you do?"

"I should write to my banker, and leave it all to him."

"Ah, you bank in London, perhaps. That's different. I bank here, and Mr. Fittip and I don't hit it off very well. He lets them take income-tax off my dividends without consulting me in the matter. No. I know what I shall do. I shall write to that gentleman with the Scotch name who began all this about the War Loan."

I assured her that Mr. McKenna would do everything in his power to solve the problem.

Hints on False Economy.

The story of the lady who, having been urged by the Government to save, hit on the excellent plan of not giving any meat to the servants, is useful, and should be repeated as a warning. I foresee a great wave of parsimony sweeping over the country—which is not the same thing as economy. It is *not* economical to starve your body; it is economical not to overfeed it. Similarly, it is *not* economical to starve your mind; it is economical not to stuff it with rubbish.

Even in war time, it is not a sin to laugh. On the contrary, laughter is a tonic. But there are tonics and tonics; in the same way, there are laughs and laughs. There is the silly guffaw, the empty cackle; that is the easiest kind of laugh to raise, and it does the least good—if any at all—to the mind. The best laugh—the real tonic to the mind—is the laugh that comes from the heart, the laugh that rejoices in the eternal triumph of humanity over the sorrows and difficulties of life.

Study your own laugh. You will find it a fascinating study. Study the laughter of other people. You will soon be able to distinguish between the real laugh and the artificial laugh. The former stands to the latter in the same relation as sea-air stands to bad brandy.

VANITIES OF VALDÈS: BILLETED IN FRANCE.



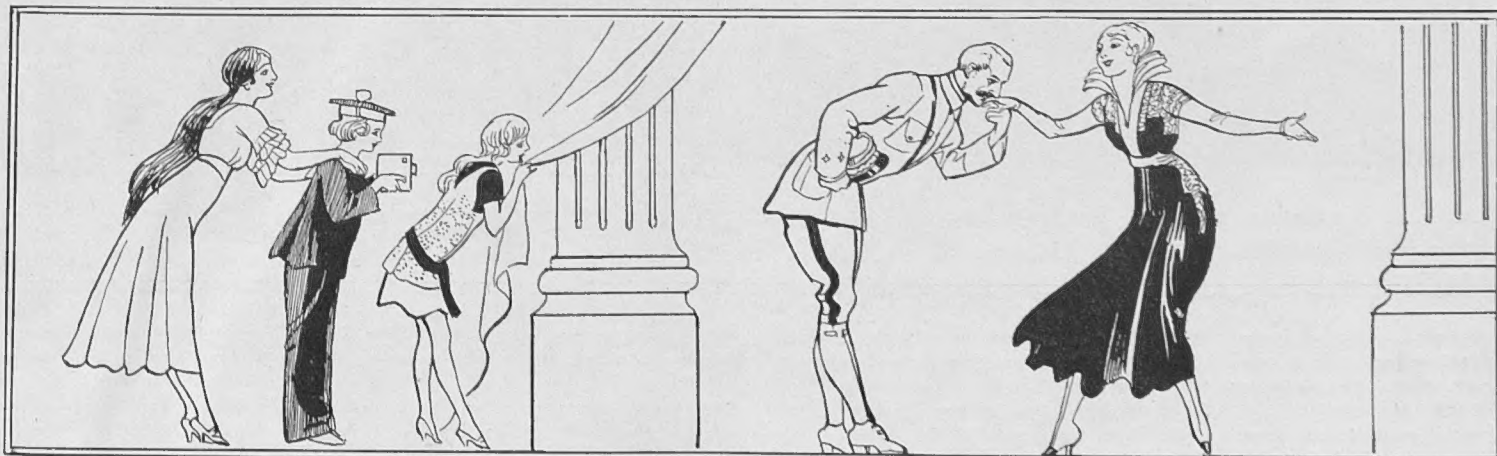
THE HOSTESS OF THE PIOUS-PIOUS: THE FARMER'S WIFE.



THE HOSTESS OF THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS: THE INN-KEEPER'S WIFE.



THE HOSTESS OF THE OFFICERS: THE LAWYER'S WIFE.



THE HOSTESS OF THE GENERAL: MME. LA COMTESSE.

KARINA'S VOLUNTEER "TROUPE" OF OFFICERS' RELATIVES.



IN AN OLD-FASHIONED DANCE THAT IS RETURNING TO FAVOUR: MME. KARINA DANCING A MINUET WITH SOME OF HER PUPILS.



AS FLORA: MME. KARINA AMONG PUPILS OF HER SCHOOL OF DANCING—MOST OF THEM OFFICERS' RELATIVES.



IN A PATRIOTIC DANCE OF HER OWN DEIVING: MME. KARINA (WEARING THE RED CROSS AND CARRYING A UNION JACK) IN "THE GOOD ANGEL."

Mme. Karina is the well-known première danseuse who was formerly at the Royal Opera, Copenhagen. As a compatriot of Queen Alexandra, whose personal patronage is given to her school of dancing, it is natural that Mme. Karina's sympathies should be strongly on the side of the Allies in the war. She has given good and much appreciated proof of these sympathies by entertaining wounded British soldiers at her school, which is in Ladbroke Road. There she is training a number of pupils, some

of very great promise, on the lines of the Danish Corps de Ballet and the Imperial Russian Ballet, and she also holds classes for amateurs in fancy dancing, Greek dances, and the graceful dances of old time, such as the minuet and the gavotte. In "The Good Angel"—her own creation—the dance has a song accompaniment by an unseen singer. Almost all the dancer-pupils of Mme. Karina are children or sisters of officers, and her method of instruction is quite charming.

“MRS. WINSTON” AT SCHOOL; A MILLIONAIRE OFFICER; SHELLS.



MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL GOES BACK TO SCHOOL—TO OPEN A NEW WING: THE WIFE OF THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER PLANTING A COMMEMORATION TREE AT BERKHAMSTED.

Mrs. Winston Churchill, wife of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—until the Coalition Cabinet, First Lord of the Admiralty—visited her old school, at Berkhamsted,

the other day; opened a new wing, built at a cost of £5500; and planted a tree in the grounds to commemorate the event.—[Photographs by Newman.]

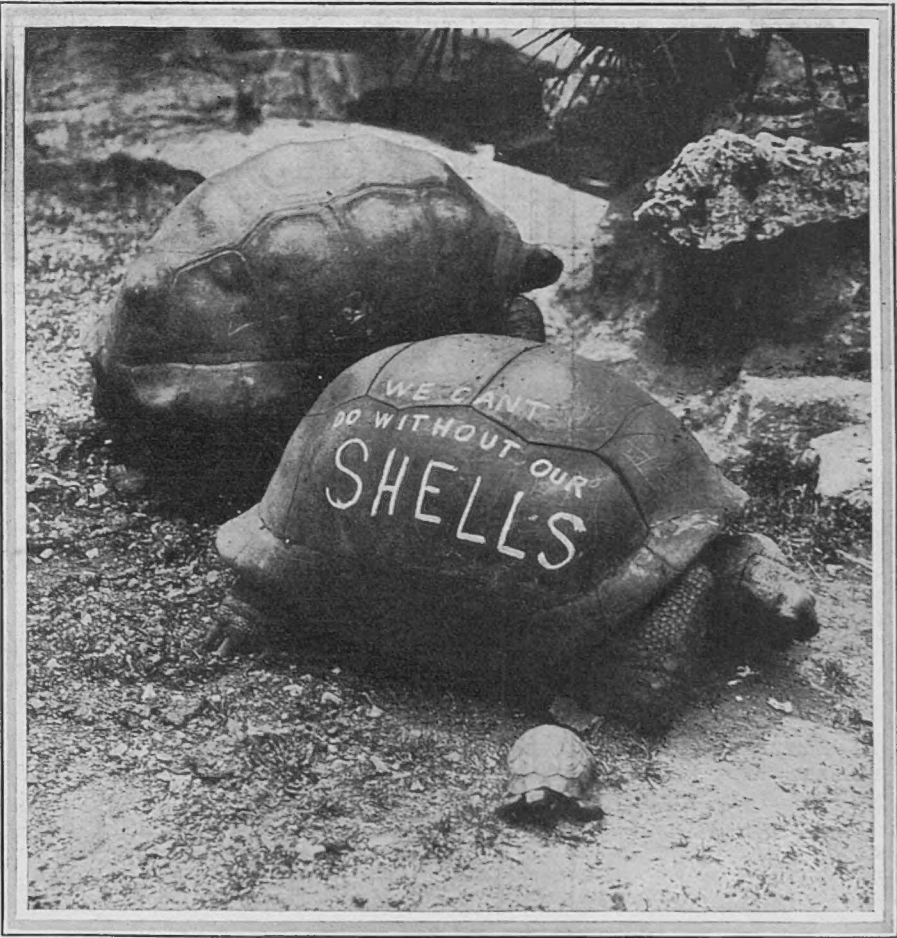


WITH HER OLD SCHOOLMISTRESS, MISS HARRIS: MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL VISITING HER FORMER SCHOOL AT BERKHAMSTED.



PRESENTED WITH £1,400,000! CAPTAIN J. J. ASTOR.

It is announced that Mr. William Waldorf Astor has presented to his son, Captain John Jacob Astor, of the 1st Life Guards, real estate valued at £1,400,000. Captain Astor, who is twenty-eight, is the third John Jacob of the family: the first of them founded its fortunes. Colonel J. J. Astor, the second, was drowned in the “Titanic.” There is a fourth, the posthumous son of Colonel Astor. Captain J. J. Astor was educated



METHUSELAH DOING HIS BIT! A SHELL ADVERTISEMENT AT THE ‘ZOO.’

at Eton, where he was in the Eleven for two years, and at Christ Church, Oxford. He joined the Life Guards in 1906, and was wounded in October.—Even Methuselah, of the “Zoo,” is doing his bit. Here he is seen advertising the all-important need for munitions. His full message, we are told, is: “We can’t do without our shells; but they will serve to remind you that there are others—which your country needs.”

Photographs by Lafayette and C.N.



A COMPLIMENT FROM A GERMAN: A ROMANCE OF LONDON LIFE: THE POPE AND THE PRESS.

An Enemy's Opinion.

Herr Dernburg, the Kaiser's special unofficial emissary to America, has returned to Berlin by permission of the Allies, and, alluding to the safe-conduct that was given him—and which held good when the ship on which he sailed was held up by a British cruiser—has paid this country a compliment by saying that there are some gentlemen "over there." Evidently Herr Dernburg thinks that, had Germany been in command of the seas, a British emissary would not have been treated so courteously. Herr Dernburg may rest assured of this—that, so long as the war continues, we shall treat our adversaries who fight us above-board with all the courtesy that war allows.

Colonel Ostertag. Another German emissary, Colonel Ostertag, has left the Hague for the Prussian capital—probably because his exertions as Military Attaché on his country's behalf have been considered too energetic by the Government of Holland. Colonel Ostertag was for three or four years the German Military Attaché at the Court of St. James's. He is half-British, for his mother is a Scotch lady; and he was an honorary member of all our London service clubs, and of one or two other clubs as well.

He made numerous friends in this country, and his knowledge of Great Britain and the British has been of much use to his country during the present war, for the Hague has been a centre of the German Secret Service, and Colonel Ostertag has been its brains.

The Courtesies of War.

Though Colonel Ostertag is a very doughty foe and has done this country all the harm that lies in his power, he has not forgotten that there are such things as the courtesies of war, and on more than one occasion he has made inquiries concerning some of the men who were his friends before the war and who have been returned as "missing." He has been able to send word to more than one grieving family that one of their relations whom they feared was dead was a prisoner in German hands and was being well treated. I was given one of Colonel Ostertag's letters to read—a letter conveying information concerning one of our Guards officers—and it was quite a model of what a letter should be under such circumstances.

An Enemy's Letter.

It began very rigidly with "Sir," and was throughout of the most formal character; but, though the phraseology was of the stiffest, it gave news of the well-being of a wounded British officer, and, reading between the lines, I could see that the enemy who had been a friend was glad to be able to give good news in a matter that did not affect his devotion to his own country.

An Austrian Romancer.

Lieutenant F. N. Wiener, who has written for a Stockholm paper an account of his escape, in company with a German naval officer, from the internment camp at Wakefield, has evidently drawn a good deal on his imagination in the account of his adventure. His story runs that he and the German ordered "sporting costumes" from the camp tailor—an order which would probably have put all the authorities of the camp on guard at once. He then mentions that, thanks to these sporting costumes and a few generalities on military affairs, he was able to persuade the men of the guard that he and his companion were British military officers. As a British military officer is never, nowadays, out of khaki, the guard at Wakefield must have been extraordinarily unsuspecting, or else—what is most probable—the two fugitives never went near the guard-room, but escaped by some other avenue.

Wiener on London Life.

But the statement that has surprised Londoners the most in all Lieutenant Wiener's tale is that he and his German friend did not stay at an hotel, but spent all their nights in London in restaurants, night cafés, and dancing-saloons. No doubt, Lieutenant Wiener is shielding whoever gave him harbourage; but, as all our restaurants now close at a comparatively early hour, as London has no night cafés, as two strangers could not get admission to any of the night clubs, and as dancing-saloons are conspicuous just now by their non-existence, Wiener was drawing very heavily on his imagination when he described his life in London.

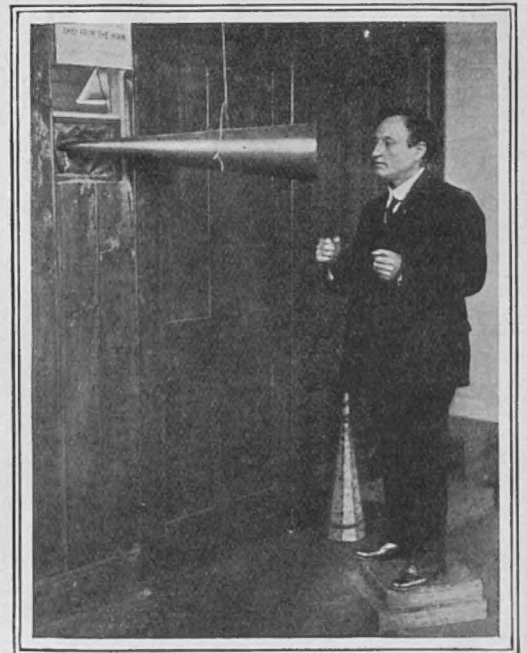
The Pope's "Interviews."

The Pope has been the great man who, during the war, has been most victimised by interviewers; and he has now, though rather late in the day, made up his mind that he will not talk to any Press man. He first fell a victim to a Pro-German journalist, who, for the benefit of Italy and America, represented the few remarks that his Holiness made as cordial approval of German methods and ways. His second interviewer, M. Latapie, in the *Liberté*, certainly did not give the Pope's words a Francophile twist. The Pope's mouthpiece—one of the Cardinals—however, declares that the Pope's words did not carry the meaning attached to them by M. Latapie, and that many of the statements put into the Pope's mouth came from other sources in the Vatican. No doubt, in future the Pope will be exceedingly careful should he talk to a journalist; but it may comfort him to remember that the least garrulous of men, Lord Kitchener, has also been victimised in the same way by an interviewer to whom he chatted, unaware that he was being interviewed.



AN M.P. COMMANDER HOME FROM THE DARDANELLES—AND BEARDED: COMMANDER JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD, M.P.

Commander J. C. Wedgwood, M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme, who was wounded at the Dardanelles, put in an appearance in the House of Commons on June 24, the day of Mr. Lloyd George's speech introducing the Munitions Bill. He was heartily received on all sides, and Mr. Lloyd George referred to his return, and congratulated him. Taking part in the debate, Commander Wedgwood specially urged the need of more machine-guns. They "saved men's lives, and every machine-gun was equal to a company." Commander Wedgwood joined the R.N. Volunteer Reserve, and received his rank as Lieutenant-Commander in February. He is seen above outside the House of Commons on his arrival—bearded, and so, for a moment, unrecognised.—[Photograph by Central Press.]



A RECORDING-ANGEL—OF LABOUR: MR. BEN TILLET "GRAMOPHONING" HIS FAMOUS WAR-WORK SPEECH.

Mr. Ben Tillett, the Labour Leader, is rendering the cause of the Empire invaluable service as the result of what he saw during his visit to the front where he was received by Sir John French and given facilities for learning things for himself as a representative of the working class. Impressed by what he saw, Mr. Tillett, on his return, took the first opportunity of making an address to workmen, and told them in plain language that their fellows' lives were in their hands, and it was the British workman's first duty to help in making munitions. The speech has, by request, been repeated into the phonograph, and is being heard now all over the kingdom. Mr. Tillett has also spoken it from the music-hall stage.

Photograph by Central Press.

AN ANIMAL-ARTIST'S VIEW OF GABY AND HARRY!



"BIRD'S-EYE" SKETCHES OF GABY DESLYS AND HARRY PILCER: THE EGRET'S DISPLAY; OR, THE SPOONBILL'S AWAKENING!—THE FAMOUS ARTISTE AND HER DANCING-PARTNER CARICATURED BY J. A. SHEPHERD.

As everyone knows, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, fresh from her success in "Rosy Rapture," is now in the Alhambra revue, with Mr. Harry Pilcer once more as her dancing-partner

We sent Mr. Shepherd, the famous animal-artist, to see "5064 Gerrard." Here is the result—Gaby and Harry presented as birds, with all apologies.

CARICATURE BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



THE Guildhall pigeons, opportunely fluttering down, lent a certain look of festivity to the wedding of the Hon. Seton Beresford and Miss Rose Mary Graves-Sawle at St. Lawrence's. But, humanly speaking, the ceremony was very quiet, the bride having lately lost a brother in action. Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Sawle gave his daughter away, she had one maid-of-honour, Lord Hawke acted as best man—and that, going large, is all there is to say. What a contrast to the last wedding in the family! When Mr. Seton Beresford's brother, Lord Decies, married Miss Helen Gould, New York celebrated in great form, gave freak luncheons, and made—and asked for—speeches. It was on that occasion, was it not, that Lord Decies' brother wrestled after breakfast with a Gould, and conquered. And now, instead, we have a City church, a very small crowd, and Lord Hawke (who even in a championship year never looked quite happy) to represent the world of sport.

The Army View. Lady Lytton looked after a party of wounded soldiers at a recent Apsley House entertainment, and was herself, inevitably, one of the attractions of the

has done stage-work of a most interesting sort for his mother, he has revolutionised the art of scenery, led a campaign against footlights, written books, produced masques and magazines, squabbled with Sir Herbert Tree and made friends again even at the door of the Law Courts, made endless delightful drawings, headed a New School, and owned an open-air theatre in Florence, as well as a printing-press. He is called "master" by a devoted band of admirers, and spends his spare time among his marionettes and the little model theatres of his own making, and his talk is the talk of an enthusiast. Yet a rule is broken when his children go on the stage for an afternoon!

Lady Ninian's Wants.

Women who are weary of producing khaki socks and respirators can, it seems, recuperate on a course of "bush-shirts." Lady Ninian Crichton-Stuart and the Countess of Gainsborough (among others) are very keen to collect them, along with cigarettes and similar comforts, for our troops in the Cameroons. The papers, they feel, have rather overlooked our side-campaign



AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT: MAJOR J. A. BUTCHART, R.F.A., AND MISS KATHARINE E. R. FRYER.

Miss Fryer is the only daughter of Captain Charles G. Fryer, J.P., late of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and Mrs. Fryer, of Worthy Park, Winchester. Major Butchart is the eldest son of the late Mr. J. S. Butchart, Advocate, of Aberdeen, and is in the Royal Field Artillery.

Photographs by Lafayette and Bassano.



THE WEDDING OF "LUSITANIA" SURVIVORS: MR. C. DWIGHT HARRIS AND MISS AILEEN CAVENDISH FOSTER.

Mr. Harris is one of the survivors from the "Lusitania," which was torpedoed by the Germans on May 7, and his fiancée was also among the rescued passengers on the great Cunard liner. Miss Foster is the eldest daughter of Colonel Sir William Yorke Foster, third Baronet, and Lady Foster. Colonel Foster was formerly in the R.F.A., and served with distinction in South Africa.—*[Photographs by Gabell.]*



AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT: THE HON. PAUL METHUEN AND MISS ELEANOR HENNESSY.

Miss Hennessy, whose marriage to the Hon. Paul Methuen is to take place very shortly, is the daughter of Mr. William John Hennessy, the well-known artist. Mr. Paul Methuen is the eldest son and heir of Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, and is a Lieutenant in the Royal Wilts Yeomanry.

Photographs by H. Walter Barnett and J. Russell and Sons.

afternoon. An exchange of compliments is recorded by a soldier who prides himself on the neatness of his share. "I'm told you did very well: your chief writes that you are one of the bravest men in your splendid regiment," said the lady. "You think he's a good judge?" asked the other. "Yes," she answered; "I have never known him at fault." "Well, I heard him say you were the most beautiful woman in England," stammered the soldier, "and his word goes for a good deal with us juniors."

Stage-Fright. Mr. Gordon Craig, whose two little children attended Miss Ellen Terry as pages on Friday, revoked a family rule for the interesting occasion. Being, like many parents, wholly unreasonable, he had decided never to allow his children to appear on the stage. The theatre, needless to say, is his life. And he enjoys it. He

in that quarter of the world, with the result that the men's needs have been more or less forgotten. There are a number of women on the committee now looking after those same needs, and Lady Ninian is a sort of London representative for them all. She hopes that abundant parcels will be delivered at No. 43, Bryanston Square.

The Real Thing. Reparation has been made to Mrs. McKenna. A few weeks ago she opened a morning paper to find her name under a photograph of somebody else. It was a smudgy portrait, but clear enough to show that it never had been, and never could be, in the least like her. Moreover, it was not particularly attractive. No explanation was made, but last week the same paper published the new and delightful picture of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's wife and children.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN TYRREL E. HOLLAND: MISS CECIL HENEAGE.

ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT ARTHUR COTTRELL, R.F.A.: MISS MARY BARBARA NICOLL.

Miss Heneage is the only child of the late Admiral Sir Algernon Heneage and Lady Heneage and is shortly to be married to Captain Tyrrel E. Holland, 12th Batt. Rifle Brigade, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Holland.—Miss Nicoll is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Nicoll, of Burntwood House, near Winchester, and Lieutenant Arthur Cottrell is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Cottrell, of Athens, Greece, and is in the Royal Field Artillery.—*[Photographs by Val l'Estrange and Swaine.]*

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IRELAND AND LADY WIMBORNE: WELL-KNOWN GUESTS.



LORD AND LADY WIMBORNE, WITH THEIR TWO DAUGHTERS
THE HON. ROSEMARY (LEFT) AND THE HON. CYNTHIA GUEST.



VISCOUNTESS POWERSCOURT AND CAPTAIN
KENNEDY.



SIR GEORGE PRESCOTT AND THE COUNTESS
OF DROGHEDA.



MISS ARNOTT (LEFT), LADY TIMOTHY O'BRIEN, AND HER TWO
DAUGHTERS.

osemary and Cynthia Guest, who are very great favourites with their friends; Viscountess Powerscourt, one of the best-known members of Irish the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Right Hon. Ignatius O'Brien, and Mrs. O'Brien; Lady Mary Plunkett, who is the elder daughter of the Countess of Fingall—the Earl was State Steward to the Viceroy under the régime of Earl Spencer; the Countess of Drogheda; Miss Arnott, of Sir John and Lady Arnott; Lady Timothy O'Brien, who is a daughter of Sir Humphrey de Trafford; and many more well-known members Society.—[Photographs by Poole, Watford.]



SIR JOHN SIMON.

ON the Censorship in the Commons, and on the War Loan in Dublin, Sir John Simon has made the two notable speeches of the last week. No matter what was in them, no matter what criticism the House or Dublin has to offer, they were important and difficult speeches; and they fell to Sir John's portion. The story about the shelling of a house at the front twenty-four hours after it had been mentioned in a soldier's letter and printed in the English papers was not like most of Sir John's stories. It did not carry the large but fastidious Westminster audience. But that, again, is beside the mark: the Home Secretary is no longer his own master—he must tell a story that tells nothing, he must tell it even if he himself has no particular zest for it. He has made a final choice of the political as against the more precise profession of the law, and the confidence of his new chief and confrères is shown by the work he is given to do, and justified by the business-like way—from the politician's point of view—in which he assumed a style and convention not wholly natural to him.

More Pressure. The choice was made rather more than a month ago, when Mr. Asquith asked him to go to the Home Office. There was another position he might have had for the asking. He passed it by. In going to the Home Office he fulfilled at once the predictions and hopes of those who knew him best. Instead of taking the most glittering prize of the legal profession, he took one of the most arduous of Ministerial posts. Why? Because he is conscious that a new spirit is setting to work in him. He is developing, and the development is from the academical to the vital. He is living at increased pressure, and prefers it.

A Standing Jump. We knew him of old as the most formal and unadventurous of speakers. Taking no risks, he never leaped upon his theme before looking well at the ditches. The clear speaking that came of clear thinking was his ideal of oratory. What was the result? His manner of seeming a little weary of life and an audience settled upon him not as a mannerism, but as a reality. The detached mood grew stronger after his appointment as Solicitor-General, and was not shaken during the Attorney-Generalship. In law he had everything his own way. The only other Attorney-General who was his match in youthfulness had been the son of a Lord Chancellor. Sir John jumped off, not from a spring-board, but from the middle-class—or should it be called "lower-middle-class"—of Manchester and Bath, his father being the Rev. Edwin Simon, a Congregational minister. By his own capability he got the things he set out to get, and they left him with an appetite for a less cut-and-dried future. A Walthamstow vacancy gave him his opportunity a few years ago, but the real

adventure was undertaken in May, when he compacted with Mr. Asquith for the Home Office.

Was It Smith? Some people, liking to discover the trivial beginnings of great events, point to F. E. Smith as a factor in Sir John Simon's development. They point, also, to the discovery of motoring as a hobby (with a man who has hardly any other) as the thing that first drew him much away from Brick Court after the death of his wife in 1902. To a man of his staid intellectual build, it is argued, the potential illegitimacies of the road, with the speed-limits to hoodwink and the traps to manœuvre, may have been the completion of his education. For ourselves, we look to Mr. Smith as a more powerful spur towards emancipation.

From Union to Union. The trial of wits (of the wits, let it

be added, that have nothing to do with humour) began in the Oxford Union. Mr. Belloc had left when Sir John Simon was elected President, and, though Hilaire's rhymes and parodies were still being passed from mouth to mouth, times would have fallen rather flat save for the new-sprung rivalry between two young men of exceptional parts. The two were in all things dissimilar, and have remained dissimilar. The rivalry, also, has lasted. They left Oxford for the same profession, and though they followed an entirely different method (whether in politics or with a jury) they have every now and then been presented with the welcome occasions for academic dispute. And now Sir John is responsible, in the House, for the Censorship, of which Sir "Freddie" acted as head in the earlier stages of the war.

The Ten Days' Wonder. One of the records of the career

Sir John has put behind him is the ten-day speech he delivered during the telephone arbitration. Such a feat will never be repeated; we look now to the give-and-take of question time and the ten-minute oration as features of the new life. But one thing he will never put behind him is Oxford. With Asquith, he was instrumental in putting the

University on a war footing; and, even more faithful than his chief, he is still very regular about dining with his college. Fritwell Manor, his beautiful old place at Banbury, is near enough to bring his week-ends into touch with All Souls. Oxford, naturally enough, returns the compliment, and believes in him implicitly. It breeds the type of mind that can appreciate his genius; and even if he is a little formidable in ordinary society, he is extremely popular in hall. Essentially a fellows' Fellow, he reserves himself for the company of his college peers, and relaxes only with them and with his charming daughters.



THE COALITION HOME SECRETARY - AND VINDICATOR OF THE PRESS BUREAU: SIR JOHN SIMON.

Sir John Simon made a full and tactful reply to critics of the Press Bureau the other day in the House, and he has otherwise been a good deal to the fore of late. The new Home Secretary is only forty-two. He was educated at Fettes and Oxford, where he was President of the Union. Since 1906 he has been M.P. (Liberal) for Walthamstow. In 1910 he became Solicitor-General, and in 1913, Attorney-General. He is the only son of the Rev. Edwin Simon, Congregational Minister.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

AN ENGAGEMENT: CAVENDISH-BENTINCK—GORDON-LENNOX.



TO MARRY: THE MARQUESS OF TITCHFIELD, HEIR OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, AND THE HON. IVY GORDON-LENNOX, NIECE OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

Society was very much interested in the announcement the other day of the engagement of Lady Ivy Gordon-Lennox, the pretty and popular daughter of Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, and niece of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, to the Marquess of Titchfield, elder son and heir of the Duke and Duchess of Portland. Lord Titchfield is twenty-two, is a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse

Guards, and has been serving at the front. In March last he was appointed an A.D.C. on the personal staff. Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox is a Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra, and is a universal favourite. We have inset Lord Titchfield's portrait in place of a picture which hangs on the wall in the original photograph of Miss Gordon-Lennox.—[Photographs by Mme. L. Charles, and Barrett..]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

BEFORE her marriage, ten years ago, the Countess of Ancaster was known in New York as one of the most beautiful girls of a season famous for beauty. The Charles Dana Gibson type was in full bloom; but Lady Ancaster, like Mrs. Gibson herself, was obviously an improvement on the black-and-white drawings. However hard the artist tried, she went, so to speak, one better; and at the Palace the other day she completely out-rivalled anything he ever succeeded in putting on to paper.

All Butt! Lady Dalhousie, Lady Ancaster's sister-in-law, is, by the way, assisting at another of the many entertainments for which the Duchess of Marlborough is responsible; but the Palace matinee holds, and is likely to hold, all records for splendour of programme-sellers. They were all there, from Lady Lytton to Miss Nancy Cunard, from Lady Crewe to Lady Rocksavage, from Lady Portarlington to Lady Drogheda, who returned from Moore Abbey just in time to keep her promise to—shall we say?—Mr. Alfred Butt. He and the Duchess and Lady Paget were jointly responsible for the charming company, and he was quite ready to confess that, single-handed, he has never been able to "present" so many pretty women to a Palace audience.

The Open Door— This time last year Mrs. Walter Rubens was giving excellent meals to little gatherings of friends, and experimenting with after-dinner plays. She knew the risks (twelve months ago the word could be applied to trivialities), took them, and triumphed. There is nothing more hazardous (again we fall into the social jargon of a pre-war season) than the drawing-room drama; both comedy and tragedy are apt to miss fire at close quarters—at very close quarters it is sometimes impossible to distinguish between them. We are reminded of Mrs. Walter Rubens' small and interesting ventures by the splendid amplitude of those that engage her at present. The little closed drawing-room is a thing of the past. It is now all Open Door, with audiences as big as a whole "Where-is-it?"



TWICE MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES :
MAJOR N. W. WEBBER, R.E.

Major N. W. Webber, Royal Engineers, who has been at the front since the outbreak of war, has been twice mentioned in despatches by Sir John French, and has just been given his brevet majority.

Photograph by F. Robinson.

At Apsley House.

Lady Evelyn James helped Lady Eileen Wellesley to sell programmes the other day at Apsley House. Very prettily and successfully they did it, though a long-standing conviction that she should be giving things away for nothing in her own house had to be overcome before Lady Eileen and her sister really got into the swing of business. Since then Apsley House has again been at the service of a Fund, when M. Maurice



WIFE AND CHILDREN OF AN OFFICER MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES: MRS. N. W. WEBBER, WITH HER SON AND DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Webber is the wife of Major N. W. Webber, R.E., who has been at the front since the commencement of the war, and has been twice mentioned in despatches and given a brevet majority.

Photograph by F. Robinson



SELLER OF AN ALEXANDRA ROSE FOR £100: THE HON. MRS. CHARLES CRAVEN, WITH HER SON.

Last year, Mrs. Charles Craven, who is the widow of the Hon. Charles Eric Craven, third son of the third Earl of Craven, sold a rose at the Savoy Hotel for the big sum of £50. Upon Alexandra Day this year the same loyal and liberal purchaser gave her £100 for a rose, which sum, no doubt, headed the list of generous tributes to Queen Alexandra and the charitable cause in which her Majesty is so sympathetically interested.

Maeterlinck, having just arrived in England, lectured in the Duchess of Wellington's drawing-room for the benefit of Belgian soldiers and Belgian women. Apsley House is very well read in modern authors, and Maeterlinck found his works, cut and with just sufficient marks of perusal, in the shelves and on the tables. He may not be one of Lady Eileen's own especial authors, but he got his share of compliments, and quite sincere ones.

Those Splendid Huts

Lady Maud Warrender was one of the singers at Kent House last Thursday. The concert had been arranged to benefit the Y.M.C.A.'s recreation huts in France, and Lady Maud put her heart into her song. She is never backward in giving her services, but here was a particularly good cause. The huts, as everybody who has seen anything of the needs of the British soldier in France knows, are extraordinarily useful. Kent House, Knightsbridge, was lent by Mr. and Mrs. Saxton Noble.

A Disappearing Peerage.

Lord and Lady Knaresborough's loss of a son and only heir has led to some little talk of the propriety in such cases of amending present peerage patents by extending the succession to eldest daughters. If there were many instances of peerages threatened with extinction on account of deaths at the front there would certainly be a general desire to see those families who give their sons to the nation enabled to retain their titles by special remainder. Where, however, such cases are few and far between, no particular eagerness is shown. The individual peer takes his chances with the rest; he accepts his personal loss, with all its ramifications. A desire to lessen the sacrifice has very little place in the spirit of the day.

By Way of a Daughter.

Lord and Lady Knaresborough married thirty years ago, and their youngest daughter is twelve years old. The chances, therefore, that the title dies with the only son yet born to them are sufficient at least to justify the question as to a special remainder. The

succession, if this provision were made, would not, of course, stay in the female line, but would pass again to the male through a married daughter—and there is more than one in Lord Knaresborough's family. But, as we have hinted, no individual peer is going to press for such a privilege. When there is a loss, due directly to the war, of a second as well as a first heir, it will be time enough to look for this particular and very partial, but very reasonable form of comfort.



A RECIPIENT OF A WAR HONOUR :
CAPTAIN A. C. B. CRITCHLEY-SALMONSON, D.S.O.

Captain Arthur C. B. Critchley-Salmonson, Royal Munster Fusiliers, attached to the New Zealand forces fighting now in the Dardanelles, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order, the announcement being made in the King's Birthday Honours' List.

TWO SINGLES.



THE NERVOUS CURATE (*trying to follow an introduction with genial conversation*): And—er—how is your wife in these trying times?

THE INTRODUCED: I regret to say, Sir, that I am not married.

THE NERVOUS CURATE: Ah, yes, of course; how exceedingly pleasant that is! I take it, then, that your wife is single too.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



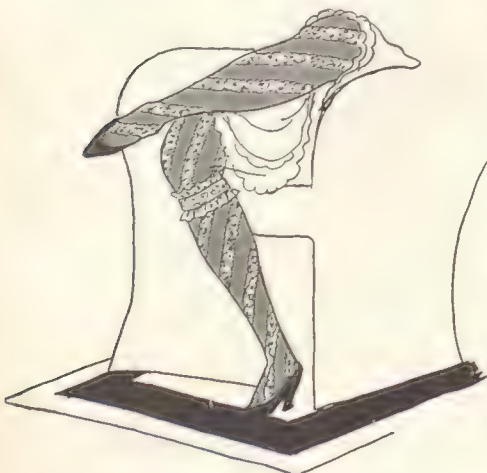
By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Luxuries of Lingerie.

Little and good—that fairly sums up the dominant idea in the newest lingerie. With the ampler skirt returns the tempestuous petticoat, and foaming "frillies" have resumed their sway. But "frillies" such as our Victorian grandmothers never dreamt of. There is little, indeed, in common between the frothy pile of lace and chiffon which represents the lingerie of to-day and the demurely ugly garments of jaconet and flannel in which the beauty of the 'fifties encased what she would have called her "limbs," as the American woman still does, with an apologetic blush over the possession of such things at all. We have no use now for the clothes that last a lifetime. Utility is a secondary consideration with those who can afford the best in lingerie. Your true woman has an almost sensuous passion for the dainty in this direction for its own sake, and every coquette knows, besides, that men have a mysterious instinct for the smartness which is not merely skirt-deep. Probably some responsibility for the extravagance of modern lingerie lies on the playwrights, who will insist on putting their heroine to bed in limelight and "nighties" of fabulous magnificence. There has been a crescendo of prodigality since that daring stage formula was first introduced. Possibly, too, the nerve-strain of these times, the exhaustion arising from strenuous war work, makes women seek relief, in the seclusion of their boudoir, in the allurements of a mass of soft fripperies. Be that as it may, there never was a time when lingerie was more seductive or more beautiful than the present, or more calculated to lure to financial recklessness the woman with a craze for this kind of luxury.

Rainbow Hues.

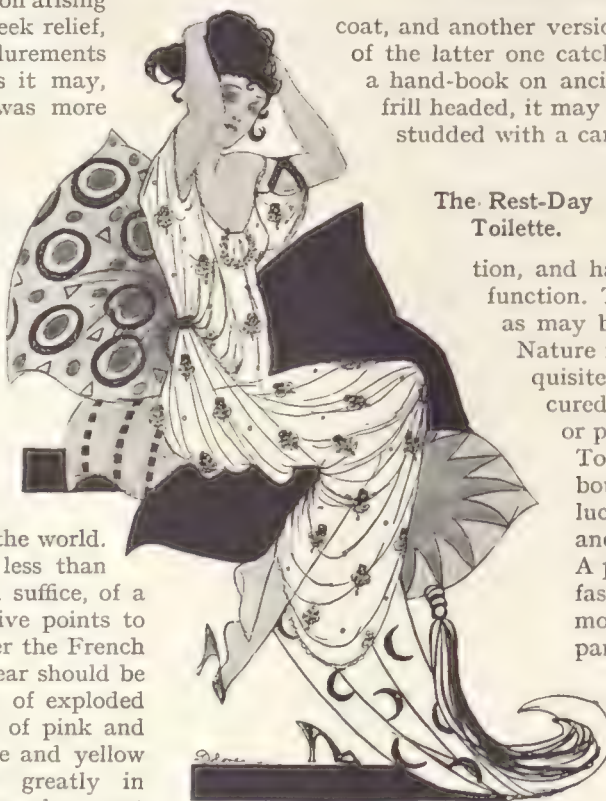
A little Ninon or *Crêpe-de-Chine*, some whispers of lace super-added, a good deal of the "altogether"—here you have the modern woman's under-garment, be it knickers or chemise, cache-corset or petticoat, or all four combined. Dolores has sketched a fascinating example. There are many others equally delightful in the salons of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, whence this was given to the world. If real luxury is aimed at, then nothing less than "undies" of Ninon or *Crêpe-de-Chine* will suffice, of a texture so fairy-like that it might well give points to the "invisible petticoats" so popular after the French Revolution. The convention that underwear should be white has, of course, long gone the way of exploded superstitions. "Sets" in delicate shades of pink and blue and yellow are greatly in demand; most especially popular is the Ninon "nightie" whose cobweb-like surface is powdered with a design of love-birds, or with bouquets, or with glowing, Futurist fruit, or a bold black design. Elaborate trimming is a rarity, but the severely simple V-shaped neck is softened with a fold of net. A tiny bunch of satin flowers repeating the colour-tones of the garment is fastened in front, and there you have the costume in which you receive your women-friends when your nerves demand a "rest-day" in bed.



SOME Stockings and Garters.—The toilette for the "rest-day" is incomplete without stockings of the finest silk, with insertions of black lace, gartered under the knee with a chic little band of velvet.



A Dreamlike Affair.—A garment which fulfills the various duties of chemise, cache-corset, petticoat and knickers, at one and the same time.



Seated on a heap of Futurist Cushions, displaying a riot of colour, this little lady forms a dainty spectacle in a Ninon "nightie" of whatever shade you prefer, patterned over with love-birds, bouquets, Futurist fruit, or a bold black design.

youth. Nothing is too rich, nothing too simple. From the glory of gold lace and jewelled ornament to the Quakerish simplicity of muslin frills is a far cry, but both are equally appropriate. The full ritual for the rest-day should include imparting a deep pink tinge to the lobes of the ears. If we do not gild our toes, as Mme. Tallien did, it is only because we have more confidence in the smartness of our footwear than in the delicate symmetry of our understandings.

The "Pettiknick."

If something slightly more substantial is desired, triple Ninon may be employed. The advantage is that it washes like the proverbial rag, and is thus rather more economical than the ordinary variety. The wear-resisting qualities of *crêpe-de-Chine* are well known, though imperviousness to wear is really the last thing that matters. Petticoats preserve the note of filmy insubstantiality which distinguishes the nightdress. Often they perform a double duty, for the knicker-petticoat is really the only thing to wear just now. A typical example of palest-pink chiffon was scrupulously gored at the top. The seams ended abruptly some eight inches above the knee, the requisite "flare" being supplied by insertions of kilted lace. The necessary "cling" was secured by a couple of strips of the material stitched on the inner side. But genius has no limits. An even more dreamlike affair fulfilled the arduous duties of chemise, cache-corset, petticoat, and knickers at one and the same time. A wide band of cobweb lace clung lovingly to a Vandyked yoke of soft satin; a double tunic of Ninon was decorated with rows of bébé ribbon, a ribbon or two formed each shoulder-strap, *et voilà tout*. And so on in the same diaphanous note through the whole symphony of modish lingerie.

The Harem Petticoat.

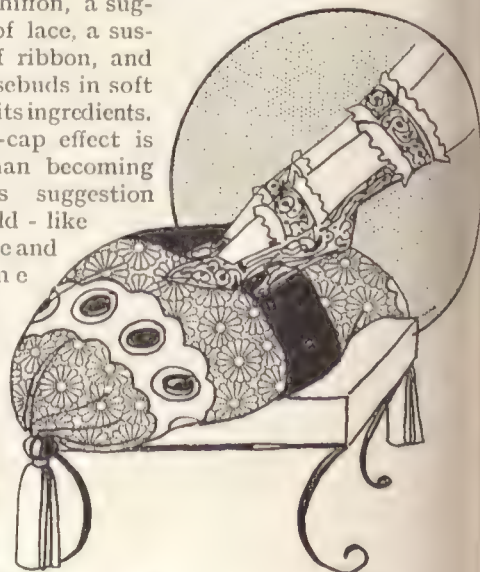
We have also the harem petticoat, a dual garment which looks like a petticoat, and another version which does not. Through the gauzy folds of the latter one catches a glimpse of frills of lace encircling what a hand-book on ancient fashion modestly calls "*la jambe*," each frill headed, it may be, with a band of velvet, or a dainty ruche studded with a cameo, ornament, or even a war relic.

The Rest-Day Toilette.

A really complete "rest-day" toilette, it can readily be seen, is a complicated affair. The "rest-day," indeed, is getting quite an institution, and has to be as carefully dressed for as any other function. There must be stockings, of course, as ethereal as may be. Little is left to the imagination, and as Nature is not always kind in these matters, the requisite peach-like tint of skin must either be procured by the use of wonderfully coloured creams, or pale-pink silk stockings must be worn beneath. To these must be super-added the daintiest of boudoir-shoes, all satin and lace, with a posy for luck, and a pair of garters, an item the importance of which must by no means be overlooked. A popular fancy is a simple band of black velvet fastened with a silver or gem buckle, or something more elaborate, such as you see in the accompanying illustration.

The Boudoir-Cap.

Nor must the boudoir-cap be forgotten. A hint of chiffon, a suggestion of lace, a suspicion of ribbon, and a few rosebuds in soft satin are its ingredients. The ear-cap effect is more than becoming with its suggestion of child-like innocence and extreme



For the "Rest-day."—The daintiest little pair of boudoir-shoes, fashioned of Satin and lace, and a posy for luck.

TRUE GRIT.



THE LADY OF THE HOUSE (*endeavouring to carry out the authorities' ideas*): Now, I understand we have to fill them all with sand; though how in the world they expect you to catch bombs in pails I don't know.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE MAN WHO WAS A COWARD.

By J. MORTON LEWIS.

FOR generations the Carroways had been soldiers. A Carroway had fought side by side with Cromwell, another had lost his life in the Crimea, a third gained his V.C. during the Mutiny.

General Carroway had distinguished himself in South Africa. His only son was a lieutenant. For the three years he had been in the Army he had not been under fire. A peace, which was suddenly to be annihilated, had lasted since the Boer War.

General Carroway had married a woman whose family lived in an atmosphere of books. Dreamers rather than men of action, they spent their lives in their studies. Proud though she was of her husband, proud of the name he bore and the reputation he had won, yet she hated the idea of warfare—it filled her with unspeakable dread. All the time her husband had been on active service in South Africa her life had been one nightmare. Not the fear which every soldier's wife must feel to a more or less extent when she says "good-bye," but a deeper, more poignant dread.

Although Martin, her son, was a Carroway in figure, he possessed her soul. As a boy, wandering amongst the pictures of the illustrious Carroways who had gone before, he was frightened. Once his father had taken him through the gallery, pointing out each Carroway to him in turn.

He stood before the last, his hand on his son's shoulder. "And you will be the next, my boy. Remember, when you put on your sword, that you wear it gallantly for your King and country, that with it you win nothing but honour for the name you bear, for I would rather see you dead at my feet than that you should do anything in the field to disgrace the family."

That night the boy went to bed to dream of unspeakable horrors. The memory of them obsessed him onwards until the day when he fingered his virgin sword.

He was not to know if he was a coward, for the opportunity had never come to him to prove his worth, but he was afraid. And all the inherent imagination of his character magnified that fear.

It was a proud day for General Carroway when he knew his son was ordered to the front. In honour of the event he gave a dinner to his friends, old veterans who had proved their swords. They sat up late, telling stories, to which the boy—he was little more—listened, while the portraits of the Carroways who had gone before looked down upon him.

"Egad, Sir, it was bad enough in the Mutiny. But the natives were nothing to the fiends the Kaiser has let loose in Europe. Why, they even blind the wounded as they lie on the field."

Involuntarily, Carroway shuddered. He wondered if he would be able to stand it—how he should act if he lay wounded on the field. He could imagine the horror of those moments, until it made him sick.

There was one person present who understood what he must be enduring. With all a mother's instinct, Mrs. Carroway knew her child far, far better than his father. She knew, moreover, the blood that ran in his veins. Good blood, but not that which makes a soldier.

Not even the girl to whom he was engaged quite understood. She was deeply in love with him, but she could not quite realise, even the night before he sailed, when he opened his heart to her. She shook her head and smiled. "You'll laugh at all this when you come back, and I shall be so proud of you."

Six weeks later he had received his baptism of fire. The month he had seen service had added years to his life in one sense. For forty-eight hours he had been in the trenches with the men, his legs in a couple of feet of water, while the shells screeched their message of death overhead. But the opportunity had not come to him yet. He still lay there and wondered. How would he act when he came face to face with death? He had seen all the horrors of war around him—men dead and lying in the agonies of torture—but so far it had none of it touched him closely, except to make him wonder.

He was a good soldier, yet he puzzled his Colonel, a man who lived solely for fighting—to whom it was the breath of life.

At last came the day when he was to feel danger personally, to feel its breath on his face—and he felt afraid. With a hundred men, he was told off to capture a certain farm, from the interior of which a skilfully placed gun was wreaking havoc amidst a couple of our trenches.

He led them off, his advance shielded by heavy gun-fire.

He did not seek to analyse his feelings as he crept away with his small company. He only hoped that when death came it would be merciful and quick.

The ground they had to cover was nearly three-quarters of a mile, bullet-swept and bare. Of shelter there was little. The few bushes had already been blown to the four winds. Shells dropped near them every few seconds; the bullets dug vicious little holes in the ground. Every few seconds a man staggered and fell. As he led them, he fell to thinking of how close the bullets were, how near to hitting him each time. At last he could stand it no longer. He rose to his feet with a cry and led his men at a double towards the farm. So taken by surprise were they that he was fifty yards ahead before they realised that they must follow him.

He hardly knew what prompted the action except a sudden obsession. He must get out of that hell—the incessant hail of bullets was maddening him. They were all so near, and yet so far, inasmuch as they spared him and chose those around him. Ahead lay the enemy—at any rate, death there would be quick. When they reached the farm it was soon over. Carroway fought like a man possessed, his sword for ever lashing those opposed to him. It showed his men a new officer, one that they marvelled at—save those who were seasoned fighters, and they kept their own counsel. There was one, a veteran, who, even whilst he was fighting, watched his officer closely. He had seen it before, and he knew that, sooner or later, such an officer would make a terrible mistake.

When it was over, Carroway stood holding his dripping sword and shuddered. It was all so terrible. Any one of those terribly hacked corpses, those groaning wounded, might have been himself.

Even the compliments of his Colonel, the knowledge that he would be mentioned in despatches, counted little with him when he came back. He knew more thoroughly than ever before the poor soldier he was. Luck had been on his side, or he might have sacrificed all his men.

Even the events of that day did little to assuage his fears. If anything, they intensified them. He knew only too well what had prompted that wild rush. True, the effect had been a success, but the cause had been the same—he might as easily have run in the other direction.

The day after the assault a belated mail reached the camp. There were three letters for Carroway. One from the girl who was waiting at home for him. A womanly letter, such as a girl would write to the man whom she loved. Yet there was little in it to comfort him, for she was essentially a soldier's daughter.

His father's letter was short—a soldier's letter to a soldier, reminding him of the name he bore. Carroway tore the letter into small pieces, and littered the mud floor of the trench with them. He had begun to hate the name he bore. For the sake of that name he had joined the Army, for the sake of that name he was enduring the agonies of spirit that assailed him now.

It was his mother's letter which gave him the help he needed—eight pages of closely written matter. In it she told him how she knew what he was suffering. "Your father, my dear, does not understand. He is a Carroway, and there is much of my blood in your veins. You are not a coward—your whole life has proved the reverse—but you are cursed with a sensitive imagination, and such men never make good soldiers. They are not afraid of the enemy. They are afraid of themselves."

Late that night, whilst many of his comrades snatched a well-deserved and much-wanted sleep, Carroway lay awake. Perhaps his mother was right. He was afraid of himself—afraid that he would fail.

A week later the trial came. For days the enemy had been trying to pierce the British lines. The losses on both sides had been terrible. Carroway's regiment were driven from their trenches and forced to retreat. To the rear lay a thick wood, into which they retreated, sniping the enemy from the shelter of the trees. It was a bayonet charge that dislodged them again: opposed fifty to one, they had no alternative but to retreat.

Carroway found himself with his Colonel and a private. Apparently they were the only survivors. English and German bodies lay around them, darkness had fallen, and they stumbled

(Continued overleaf.)

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T STAY AT HOME!

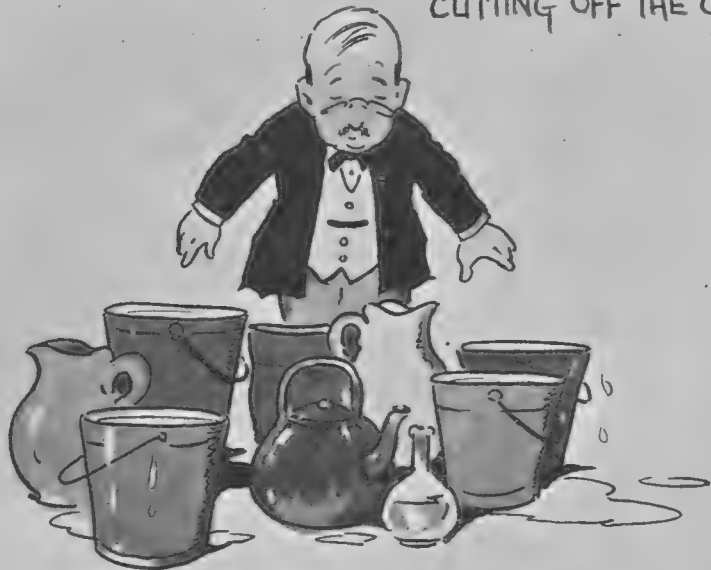


NOW, HERE ARE THE RESPIRATORS — AND HERE'S THE SOLUTION

MUSTN'T FORGET ABOUT CUTTING OFF THE GAS.



AND FILLING UP THE BATH —



AND ALL THE BUCKETS & THINGS.



ALL WINDOWS SHUT AND —



HALLO! HERE THEY COME! I AIN'T GOING TO MISS THIS !!

G. E. Studdy 15.

AS IT WILL BE EVERY TIME THE ZEPPS. COME: THE SUBURBAN HOUSEHOLDER TAKES PRECAUTIONS AND—

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

each yard across some new obstacle—here a body, there a fallen tree or a gun.

"There should be a farmhouse to the north of this wood. It is more or less of a ruin, but it will serve as shelter for to-night. We shall never be able to find the lines unless this darkness lifts."

He led the way by a small pocket compass. Half-an-hour's slow and careful marching brought them to it—a ruin of what had once been a fine old house, windowless and smoke-scorched. The door had been battered down, and inside lay spread a scene of desolation. Tables, chairs, every article of furniture had been smashed; the walls were covered with rough messages, scrawled in German; splashes of blood were on the floor. In one corner lay a woman's dress, torn to shreds—all mute, but terrible signs of the vandal's hands.

The three men walked from room to room, careful lest any of the enemy should be hidden somewhere.

Tired and hungry, they stretched themselves out on the floor of one of the bedrooms. Within five minutes they were all asleep.

It was the Colonel who awoke to the sound of voices—hard, guttural voices from the floor beneath. He crept cautiously from the room and looked over the banisters. In the hall were some thirty Uhlans. He crept back to the bedroom and woke Carroway and the private. In a low voice he explained. "There is only one thing to be done," he said.

"Fight for it?" said the private.

"No," replied the Colonel sharply. He hated the order he had to give, but it was the only chance of saving their lives. "We shall have to hide in there." He pointed to a large, roomy cupboard in the corner of the room. "The odds are too great—three against forty."

The three men waited. More than once the Colonel glanced anxiously at Carroway. He had not known the truth, and the look on the Lieutenant's face was not consonant with a man who had won mention in the despatches for conspicuous dash and bravery.

From below them came the sound of laughter and jests. Carroway knew German, and the tales the Uhlans told made his blood run cold.

"Quick!" said the Colonel, as the Germans came trooping up the stairs. He pushed the men into the cupboard and softly closed the door.

They heard the Uhlans go from room to room, then they were in the room itself. Carroway's breath came quickly. He heard the click of their spurs. He started as they sent a chair crashing to the floor. It was the only perfect chair remaining in the farm.

There was a moment's silence, and it told upon his nerves. They were caught like rats in a trap; each second he expected the door to fly open.

He gave a loud, gasping sigh. Both the men in the cupboard knew what caused it, and they knew what the result would be.

A look of pity came to the Colonel's eyes as they fell upon the man he could not see in the darkness. The private cursed softly, and there was contempt in that curse.

There was a hearty German ejaculation outside, and the door was flung wide open.

Then the unexpected happened. Carroway flung himself into the room with drawn sword. He was nearly mad as the result of the tension of those few minutes. His eyes were blood-shot. There was no skill in his swordsmanship. He flung himself upon the Germans like a man possessed. They were unprepared, and in a few seconds he had cut four men to the ground. Swords cut at him, and he slashed them down with a strength that was near to madness.

"My God!" said the Colonel, as he rushed forward to join Carroway. He had only seen it once before, and then the man was mad when he was rescued.

He fought his way to where Carroway was slashing; behind him fought the private, doing good work with his bayonet.

Carroway had made the room into a shambles. With each blow he either ran a man through or split his skull. There was a growing crimson stain upon his service jacket, but he did not know it.

The end came suddenly. A panic is easily started, and Carroway's strength seemed superhuman. One of the Uhlans broke and ran, leaping down the stairs in his terror. The others followed; one fell from a blow behind which cleaved his skull to the base of his neck.

Then Carroway stood amidst the slaughter he had committed. He smiled in a stupid fashion. "You ought to have me court-martialled, Sir," he said. "I'm a damned coward." Then he slid to the floor, his head resting on the chest of one of the men he had killed.

When the war was over, at General Carroway's special request the Colonel went to dinner one evening and told him how his son had died. The old man's eyes glowed with pride, despite his grief, still poignant. "I am glad he died like a Carroway, Sir," he said.

It was Mrs. Carroway who drew the Colonel aside. "Colonel," she said, "was that the truth you told us?"

The Colonel looked at her, surprised. "What do you mean, Mrs. Carroway?" he said.

"Oh, I know it would be done out of the kindness of your heart, but Martin was always afraid that when the time came he would prove a coward. My blood runs in his veins as well as his father's, and my family were never fighting men."

The Colonel drew himself up. "Madam," he said, "it was all true, every word of it. Your son died like a hero, as I should like to die when my time comes, with a dozen of the enemy around him."

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Carroway softly. Her eyes were wet with tears.

"And may God forgive me the lie!" said the Colonel as he walked back to the station.



HIS WIFE: Aren't you ever coming to breakfast, Babington?

HE: Yes, yes, dear. I've nearly finished the morning papers now; and I only want to glance at the evening papers that have just come in.

Now Guess!

"Why! it's BIRD'S
delicious Custard."

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All children love BIRD'S Custard, and wise parents do well to indulge this liking. It does them good!

Bird's Custard

has the taste you all enjoy!

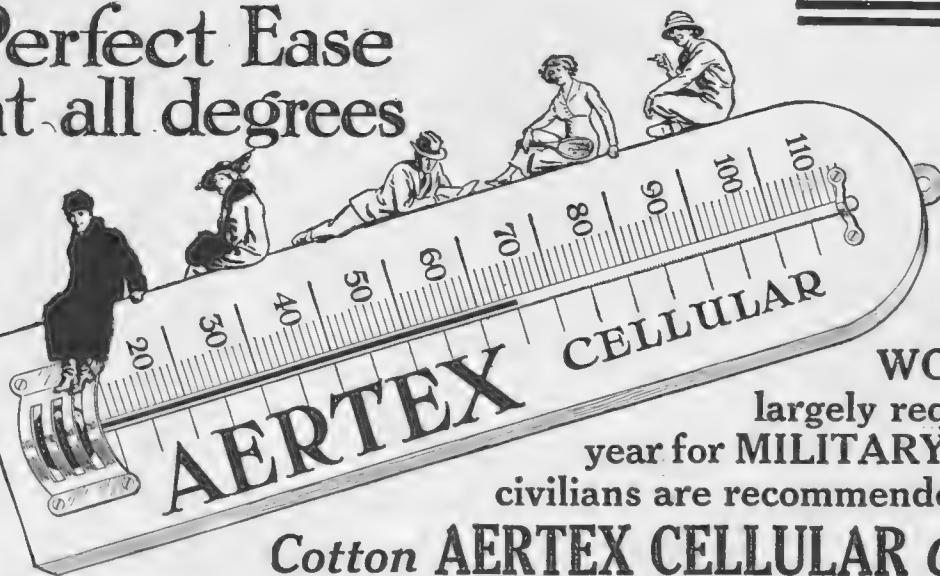
Eaten alone, it is a delightful dish which gives pleasure to grown-ups and young alike. Served with any stewed or tinned fruits, it makes a feast fit for a king.

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This label



on all garments



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Cromer .. RUST'S, Ltd., High St.
Darlington .. J. H. WAITES & SONS, 4, King's Head Bldgs.

Douglas (I. of M.) .. A. H. FAYLE, Victoria St.
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Edinburgh .. JENNER'S, Princess St.
Eton .. E. C. DEVEREUX, 127, High St.
Exeter .. PINDER & TUCKWELL, 101, High St.
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Weston-S.-Mare .. E. HAWKINS & CO., 33, High St.
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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

War-Expressions. Nothing is more curious than to watch the different expressions produced on the faces of the Allies—and there are many French and Belgians in London—by the Great War. The unfortunate Belgians present the most striking contrast; they either have a look of despair and haunting sorrow, or they exhibit the liveliest, most good-humoured optimism. The Belgian soldiers that one sees, wounded or not, seem the cheeriest youths in Europe, and this fact says much for their staying power. Even the exiled, comfortable *bourgeois*, deprived of his excellent cooking, his choice bordeaux and burgundies, his delightful homes, and his thriving businesses, is by no means downhearted in the mass. We have had exiles and refugees in plenty before; but never, I think, such good-humoured ones as our Belgian guests. As to the French, their expression is dignified, calm, and of a ferocious determination to fight till they win. You will observe that they have the air of wishing to waste no time in useless speech, as who should say, in the homely American phrase, "Quit talking and saw wood." This, too, after months of futile rhetoric and trying to place the blame of failure on someone else, is our own insular attitude. Over-gay or over-dolorous looks are now seen no more, and everybody seems ready, women as well as men, to perform any service, however small, which helps. I have never understood the attitude of our own lower classes towards the war—or whether, unless they had a man at the front, they realised it at all. We seemed, as a nation, in our millions, to be about as able to visualise a great Continental war, and what it means, as the inhabitants of some coral island, bedecked with

palms, on the blue Pacific Ocean.

The Failure of Success. In war it does not benefit a nation to come out too clearly on top, and Germany is suffering the world's hatred and contempt precisely because of her success and her high-handedness in 1870. Though we may have had no actual experience of it, many of us have had more than a suspicion of the existence of German brutality; it is deep down in the Teutonic nature, and comes out most in their contemptuous treatment of their womenfolk. The German female, however, deserves what she gets in this respect, for her slavish subservience, in all things, to her 'Mann.' The failure of success, according to Dr. Saleeby, is inevitable if founded purely on militarism. Certainly—though he does not quote him—Napoleon is the greatest example of such a failure, and his retribution was swift, unlike that which, in the end, overtakes a domineering military race. Dr. Saleeby makes a striking point when he urges that the Jews, who have never achieved national success since the fall of Jerusalem, have "survived all their oppressors, and now flourish as never before." They aimed at financial, social, and political power, and they have got them all, without winning

or losing a single battle. The Jews, in short, exemplify the success of personality.

Joan and Christabel.

It may be said, with truth, that Joan of Arc is re-incarnated in every serious Frenchwoman in these perilous days; but so far, though Englishwomen have toiled and moiled, have given their lives, their health, their time, their strength, and their money for the Allies, there has been no outstanding feminine figure in the war, as Florence Nightingale became in 1854. It is quite clear the English women-doctors are going to play a notable part—indeed, they have already done so. Our Queens and Princesses are incessant in good works, and the giving of the priceless royal word which cheers and encourages; and the Suffragists are pouring all their eloquence and much of their energy into organising victory. Even the bitterest opponents of Christabel Pankhurst must admit that the famous young leader of the women's militant movement of other days is being of enormous national use now. The new "Joan" ought to be sent to Oxford to lecture to those singular specimens of Britons who occupy themselves in reviling their countrymen, and especially Sir Edward Grey.



THE SHORT SKIRT.

Carried out in brown taffeta and frills upon frills of the same coloured tulle, this model shows one of the shortest skirts made in Paris.—[Photograph by Wyndham.]

Parcel-Gilt. Obviously the only chic way

nowadays of showing one's patriotism is to carry parcels openly and in sight of all men. Thus we have the unusual spectacle of ladies of the highest fashion with their hands full of paper bundles, tied with string, and swaying in the summer breeze. For men, the instinct not to be seen carrying parcels is too strong, and few, as yet, are the heroes who brave our insular prejudice in this respect; but we shall see stranger sights in the course of this war. This form of patriotism, though hard for some ceremonious folk to carry out, confers a special lustre on the patriot, so that he or she may fairly be said to be parcel-gilt. It is a custom, indeed, which bids fair to survive the end of the war, when leaner purses will have levelled classes and made us less pernicky about our habits and prejudices. We pay, perhaps, for the convenience of the palatial marble fronts and palm-gardens of our big London shops, and for the enormous outlay in labour and motor-power entailed in sending the merest trifle home to the purchaser's house—however distant. Englishwomen have been spoiled, for a generation, in this respect. The Continental housewife has a laudable habit of being up betimes and out at the markets and *halles*, where she selects and chooses, and is not at the mercy of the people who call for orders. Sometimes she takes her cook, and sometimes sends that functionary, but always a string-bag or a bass-basket is part of this expedition, and in it the choicest morsels are brought home. To this—who knows?—our superfine middle classes may also descend, with advantage.

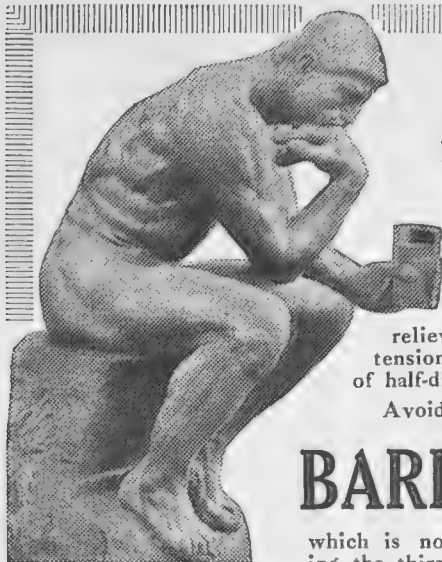


THE LONG SKIRT.

One of the longest skirts seen in Paris. It is made of red satin, and veiled over with tulle or net.

Photograph by Wyndham.

neering military race. Dr. Saleeby makes a striking point when he urges that the Jews, who have never achieved national success since the fall of Jerusalem, have "survived all their oppressors, and now flourish as never before." They aimed at financial, social, and political power, and they have got them all, without winning



The Drink for Brain and Muscle.

Barley Water keeps your brain clear, your nerves steady, your muscles strong, and greatly aids digestion. It relieves the brain of that nervous tension caused by the fermentation of half-digested food in the stomach.

Avoid alcohol and drink instead

BARLEY WATER

which is not only pleasurable for quenching the thirst, but is also rich in nutritive qualities. Barley Water is recommended by Doctors, Athletes, and Physical Culturists, but should be

made from

ROBINSON'S 'Patent' BARLEY

Recipe by a Famous Chef (Mr. H. HAMMOND, M.C.A., Chef de Cuisine, Thatched House Club) :-

Put the outside peel of two lemons into two quarts of water, add eight lumps of sugar and boil for ten minutes. To this add two dessert-spoonfuls of Robinson's "Patent" Barley, previously mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Continue to boil for five minutes and allow to cool. When cold strain off through fine muslin and add ice and lemon juice to taste.

Pearl Barley should on no account be used as a substitute, as, to give it a better appearance, it is frequently adulterated with French Chalk, which is most injurious to the system. Recipe on every tin and packet.

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THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Beauty's Badge. Not much jewellery is being worn now. Of course, women who have fine pearls wear them—to keep them in order, they will tell you: really, I expect, because they are fond of them. What is worn, and is every week being more worn, is the regimental-badge brooch. Not only are these charming ornaments and useful brooches, but they form a link with gallant soldier friends fighting for us at the front. An enterprise on the part of Charles Packer and Co., the well-known jewellers of 76 and 78, Regent Street is eagerly welcomed. They make any regimental badge in 15-carat gold and enamel for a uniform price of two guineas. All who see the badges consider them wonderful value. The modelling is good, and the brooches substantial and handsome. Many of the designs are elaborate, and all are effective. The different regiments of the Guards, the Royal Flying Corps, the Army Service Corps, the Royal Army Medical Corps, are all available in these charming brooches, which will always serve as souvenirs of the great European war and of the magnificent part played in it by the regiment or corps of which the brooch is the badge. The personal sentiment is also there, and its addition to the value is incalculable—it is, in fact, the chief secret of the success of this military keepsake.



A VERY WELCOME FORM OF GIFT:
THE BADGE OF THE ROYAL FLYING
CORPS.

A Real Beverage. When cider is good, there is no such wholesome and delicious drink. Time was when we could not get it outside the province in which it was made. H. B. Bulmer and Co., whose cider-cellars are one of the sights of Hereford, changed all that some years ago. M. Dennis Dumont, the Professor of Medicine at the great University of Caen, after many experiments, gave it as his opinion that cider was the only drink for those with a tendency to gout, rheumatism, or gravel, for those living in towns who did not take sufficient exercise, and for those, also, whose too solid flesh is an annoyance and a handicap. His equally celebrated *confrère*, M. Saint Germain, also made experiments which confirmed M. Dumont's opinion. On this, Bulmers began to apply to cider the methods used for the light wines of France. This rendered it capable of transportation, and their enterprise grew until their buildings cover several acres, and they have vats capable of storing 60,000 gallons, and cellars in which are about a million bottles of champagne-cider, every bottle of which is kept at least twelve months.

It is made with the greatest care and closest personal supervision. The ciders of this firm are made by the champagne process, and, although it is lengthy and expensive, the cost of the cider is a mere fraction of the cost of champagne. Only Bulmer's cider can make this claim. It has proved of such immense benefit to consumers, and is such a delicious drink, that there is a constantly increasing demand for it. A very interesting account of the firm's enterprise will be sent on application to Messrs. H. P. Bulmer and Co., Hereford.

English for the "Cologne" British. is a name with an ill sound in our ears nowadays, but for long it has been little more than a name in connection with the toilet essence that bore it. Our own well-known perfumers, John Grossmith and Sons, have produced a brand called



ENGAGED TO SECOND LIEUTENANT ALAN
DUGUID: MISS MYFANWY THOMAS.

Miss Thomas is the only daughter of the late Mr. John Thomas, harpist to King Edward VII., and of Mrs. Thomas, of Inglenook, Blandford Road, Bedford Park. Mr. Duguid, of the R.F.A., is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duguid, of Park Lodge, New Barnet, Herts.

Photograph by Lafayette.

"The Golden Still" eau-de-Cologne that is the equal of any we have ever had in freshness, invigorating quality, and delightful odour. It can be most confidently recommended for use in the sick-room; while for charming away headache and bracing fatigued and relaxed nerves there is nothing like it. It can be had at any chemist's in bottles of 9d., 1s. 3d., and 2s. 6d. The makers' name is a guarantee of its first-rate quality. They are the inventors and manufacturers of the celebrated Wana-Rance, Shem-el-Nessim, and Phul-Nana Oriental perfumes, and have the experience at their back of nearly a hundred years' daily practice of their art.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

The K.U.W.

Mr. Philip John Davenant had a perfectly ripping time last Easter holidays: it must have been last Easter, because there were enemy Germans very busy in London, on the bracing East Coast, in Kent, and in the South. And it was after he had resigned himself to the boredom of nothing particular to do in a pleasant South London suburb. Cyril Ambrose was the cause of it all, thanks be to him. He is a barrister in the early thirties, but since the outbreak of the Great War he has been a Temporary Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard. He came to know P. J. at a Christmas house-party, and was struck by that youngster's wonderful knowledge of German, with a peculiarly innocent face as another asset. But it was when he came to him about the K.U.W. that he really found out that he was a mere Watson to P. J.'s Sherlock Holmes. K.U.W. is short for the Kaiserliche Überseeische Wacht, which is Hunnish for the Imperial Oversea Guard, a very dangerous organisation which "confines its operations to the British Isles." There were five—or perhaps six—people at the head of it, all absolutely unscrupulous. There are fewer now: P. J. has been at work.

A Cipher.

When the labours were begun two of the K.U.W. had been caught. Those who were free communicated with each other by means of an ingenious cipher none of the experts could unravel. The beardless Davenant tackled it. The key lay in this: "K.U.W. Victoria B. Bahnhof 1ste Bahnsteige. Addieren"—that is, K.U.W. Victoria Station B. No. 1 Platform add. P. J. unravelled it, and the result was the arrest of Fräulein Schrader, unsuspected and "quite English," but with a wireless on her inventor-employer's roof; together with the capture of two naturalised Germans who aped a love for Celtic antiquities that they might have opportunity to steal the plans of a patent connected with submarines.

Wireless and "A Language of Flowers."

The one adventure led to another. The head of the K.U.W. was trapped this time. He was on the East Coast, where there had been mysterious signalling. Naturally, he was the least suspicious person in the hotel. Yet he had a most elaborately fitted motor-car and a habit—being sleepless, he said—of riding about by night. When he was "nabbed," it was found that his car was fitted with a portable wireless installation, and that one of his "tea-baskets" contained bombs! In this business P. J. did the "Happy Kid Act." And so to Kent. Spying was going on at East-hampton, Channel port and watering-place. Young Davenant turned knut. Two of his nice new friends in this capacity were "two Belgian refugees from Liège," who were Germans of the most dangerous type, plus a naturalised German baker who flew carrier pigeons from the top of his bread-cart, and the "Abbé Vanloo," who wasn't the Abbé Vanloo, but the Hun who had "got rid of" that cleric in order to take his papers. It was the Abbé who used the Language of Flowers for giving information. In the greenhouse of which he was so fond labelled plants were cunningly arranged: "Lucifer, Innocence, Ornatus, Nelly, Lucifer, Empress, Albicans, Vesuvius, Empress, Sir Watkin"—and so on. P. J. translated this, taking the initial letters: L.I.O.N.L.E.A.V.E.S., and so on. The adventure in the South turned P. J. chauffeur, and prevented the theft of information as to the movements of transports from General —. It is at least as exciting as the others. Many a youngster will read Lord Frederic Hamilton's stories with joy. The author's profits will go to Lady Lansdowne's "Officers' Families Fund." They should be large.



A LONDON SCOTTISH D.C.M.: SERGEANT
NORMAN MCGREGOR LOWE.

Sergeant Lowe, who has been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal, is the chief battalion scout of the London Scottish, and is the younger son of Mr. Charles Lowe, for many years "Times" correspondent in Berlin, and the writer of the review of the Great War in the "Illustrated London News." He has been in every "Marathon" team of his battalion.

Photograph by Burrow.



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"I often wondered how, amid modern conditions of life, you manage to keep your skin so beautifully soft and fresh-looking—how it is that your complexion is always so winsome. And you tell me that you owe all this to Palmolive—and Palmolive only."

Those who wash with Palmolive need no other aid to cultivate and preserve Beautiful Skins, as Palmolive in itself embodies the two great essentials towards Skin-Charms and Skin-Health.

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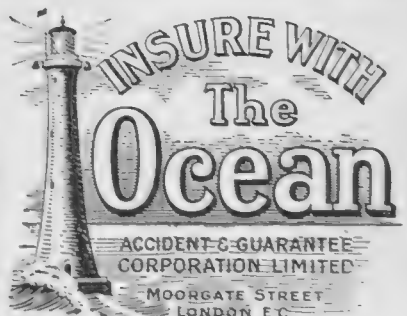
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A REAL BENEVOLENCE TO THE WOUNDED: A TESTIMONIAL TO TAR: WANTED—ADDRESSES.

Where Motorists May Help.

Private cars are much in demand for benevolent purposes, and it is to the credit of the motoring community that the response has undoubtedly been liberal. In one direction, however, the requirements of the case have not yet been fully met, and a very strong plea may be put forward for the work of the Volunteer Motor Mobilisation Corps. It is quite true that the philanthropic zeal of motorists received a considerable check from the unreasonable way in which cars were used by officers to whom they had been lent for "military duties"; but there need be no misconception as to the sphere of the Volunteer Motor Mobilisation Corps, the excellence of its work, or the propriety of aiding it in every possible way. The organisation named exists solely for the purpose of giving soldiers (excluding officers) healthful and much-needed rides of two or three hours' duration, and also of transferring them, when sufficiently recovered from their wounds, from a central hospital to a base hospital where they may stay during their period of convalescence. These offices are regularly and systematically discharged, the Corps being in daily communication with the various London hospitals, and working through no other means.

More Cars Wanted.

Whereas the number of wounded, however, is increasing, the number of cars available is on the decline, owing to the approach of the holiday season. A promise of assistance on the part of any individual car-owner involves no greater obligation than that of lending a car for a specified period—three hours as a maximum—for one day a week, though, if the owner can do more, of course, so much the better. The car is under the control of the owner's own driver, or of himself, if he chooses, and the voluntary and praiseworthy service is in no way open to abuse. So pressing is the need for further help, however, that at least four times as many cars are required by the hospitals as the Corps has at its command, notwithstanding the generous aid which has already been rendered by motorists, from the King downwards. The offices of the Corps are at 6, Old Burlington Street, W., and any car-owner who will personally inquire of the hard-working Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Helen Vernet, by whose efforts the organisation has already given rides to 26,000 men, will soon satisfy himself that he has discovered an opportunity for real and practical benevolence at little cost.

A Striking Admission.

If there are still any people left who definitely describe themselves as anti-motorists, they may be commended to note the observations of Mr. H. T. Wakelam, the county surveyor for Middlesex, at the National Road Conference. Though the roads of Middlesex have been increased by fifteen miles during the last eight years, Mr. Wakelam was able to state that tar-spraying had resulted in a saving on the county rates of over £16,000 a year. Now, if there is one fact above any other that can be proclaimed without fear of contradiction, it is that the movement in favour of dustless road-surfaces was begun, and for several years maintained, entirely by motorists. They spent time and money in conducting experiments, and eventually found that tar-treatment, in one form or another, was the cure, and a definite cure, for the dust evil. All their efforts of reform, however, *pro bono publico*, were hampered by anti-motorists, whose prejudices caused them to believe that motorists were only working for their own ends; and by ratepayers, who alleged that they were called upon to put their hands in their pockets for the benefit of a limited and wealthy section of the community. The public's greatest crime, however, was that of steadfastly refusing to accept the fact that a tarred road, besides being better for everybody concerned, was actually more durable and, therefore, cheaper. After Mr. Wakelam's figures, however, it is to be hoped that we have heard the last of any objections to expenditure on tarred roads. For the future, whenever pedestrians grumble, and quite rightly, at the dust thrown, though not created, by a passing car, let them demand the proper remedy from their local authority.



A FURNISHED APARTMENT IN THE AIR: THE PILOT'S CABIN OF THE SIKORSKY BIPLANE.

The pilot is no longer exposed to wind and weather, but sits at the wheel behind glass windows in a spacious cabin. The Sikorsky machine has been used in the war in East Prussia, and several others of the type have been ordered for the Russian Army and Navy.




EVEN LARGER THAN "THE LARGE GERMAN BIPLANE" RECENTLY ENGAGED BY A BRITISH MACHINE: THE GIANT SIKORSKY BIPLANE, RUSSIA'S 3½-TON AEROPLANE.

"Eye-Witness" recently reported a thrilling machine-gun fight, over a mile up in the air, between a British aeroplane and "a large German biplane having a double fuselage, two engines, and a pair of propellers." The giant Russian machine designed by M. Sikorsky (the right-hand figure above), goes considerably better than this. It has four engines, each driving a separate propeller, measures 65 ft. in length, 121 ft. in width of planes, has a normal crew of eight, and can carry seventeen.—[Photograph by C.N.]

The Men at the Front.

In the hope that it may meet the eye of those concerned, Mr. H. T. Vane, managing director of D. Napier and Sons, Ltd., writes as follows: "As you know, a large number of our employees have joined the Colours since the outbreak of war, and we have been interested to hear from many of them, and also to send them some little comforts from time to time. There are a large number, however, whose address, regiment, and number we do not know, and I was wondering if you would be so good as to insert in your widely read paper the fact that we shall be very pleased to hear from any of our ex-employees serving with the Colours, so that we can send them along some token showing that we have not forgotten them."



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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

ACCORDING to the French, "nothing is sacred to a sapper," and I think we may add "or to the Irish Players." In their new piece at the Coliseum they even make fun of the Royal Irish Constabulary; and, it may be, libel that famous body outrageously—also very funnily, which is far more important. "Duty" is a serious sort of name for a farce, and a weird description of the way in which the Constabulary performs its functions—according to Mr. Seumas O'Brien, author of the piece. Or is there lurking some kind of joke connected with the contribution that alcohol ought to make to the revenue—and sometimes, in Ireland and Scotland, succeeds in dodging? It has been objected by some critics that the little work opens slowly and is overlong; but that is, perhaps, because the experts do not quite appreciate the need for laying a good foundation: the audience did not seem to think that it had too much of the tale of the after-hours drinking of the peasants, and the similar offence by policemen one, two, and three which wound up by the men of law taking the civilian law-breakers into custody. And what a company! Real Irish, and of the best! Miss Sara Allgood, one of the few really distinguished actresses of our time, equally apt for tragedy, comedy, or farce, is irresistible as the innkeeper; Mr. Arthur Sinclair nearly paralyses the house in the part of the Head Constable; and the cast includes Messrs. Fred O'Donovan, J. A. O'Rourke, Morgan, and Kerrigan. A shrewd idea of the Irish Players to give this jolly play in the big palace of varieties, since they will probably gain many supporters for their next venture in an ordinary London playhouse. I hope so.

The programme of the French company at the Coronet last week was mixed; its most characteristic feature was "Gardiens de Phare," in which a father and a son were alone in a lighthouse and the son developed hydrophobia in its most violent form, so that the father had to kill him in self defence. There is, of course, nothing dramatic in an exhibition of hydrophobia, but it is sufficiently horrible; and M. Gouget as the son and M. Chaumont in the part of the father made the most of the grim situation. M. Gouget also played with great power in "La Revenante"; like the other, this was a study in violent emotions.



A HANDSOME PONY-SKIN COAT WITH A SKUNK OPOSSUM COLLAR, TO BE SEEN AT THE WHOLESALE FUR COMPANY'S SHOW-ROOMS IN CHEAPSIDE.

THE ENGAGEMENT OF LIEUTENANT H. W. RAWSON AND MISS MILDRED PALEY.

WE regret that in our issue of June 16 we mentioned Lieutenant H. W. Rawson, of the 16th (Service) Battalion Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment) as engaged to Miss Mildred Paley. The mistake arose through a similarity of initials. The name which should have been given is Lieutenant H. W. Rawson, of the 3rd Battalion Oxon and Bucks Light Infantry, who is the younger son of the late Admiral Sir Harry Rawson. We much regret any inconvenience which may have been caused by the mistake.

In illustrating the home of General Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton, in our issue of June 23, we stated that two of the pictures seen on the walls were by Mr. Frank Brangwyn. We are informed that this is not the case. One of the works in question—that in the Black Drawing-Room, which is called "The Pergola Builders"—is by M. R. Wells (Mrs. Douglas Wells).

Wise women look ahead, and now is the time to buy furs, if not to wear them. The Wholesale Fur Company, 145, Cheapside, whose fine show-rooms are on the first floor, have a summer sale in progress. They will safely store any fur garments bought at it until they are wanted for use, and they can then be paid for. Also they make this same convenient arrangement in the case of repairs and remodelling of furs. In this way their customers are encouraged to look ahead. There are bargains during the sale that are also an irresistible temptation to do so. A very smart, rich, and handsome pony-skin coat, with a full skirt, a wide band, and a skunk opossum collar, is being sold for 6½ guineas. It is three-quarter length, and is, as will be seen from the drawing on this page, a most attractive and stylish garment. There are sets of skunk, bear, squirrel, wolf, fox, and musquash from two guineas, and the value is of the best, for the Wholesale Fur Company have only reliable things. They are most willing to send large selections of furs to the country on approbation. A visit to the establishment while the sale is in progress will offer a splendid choice in bargains.

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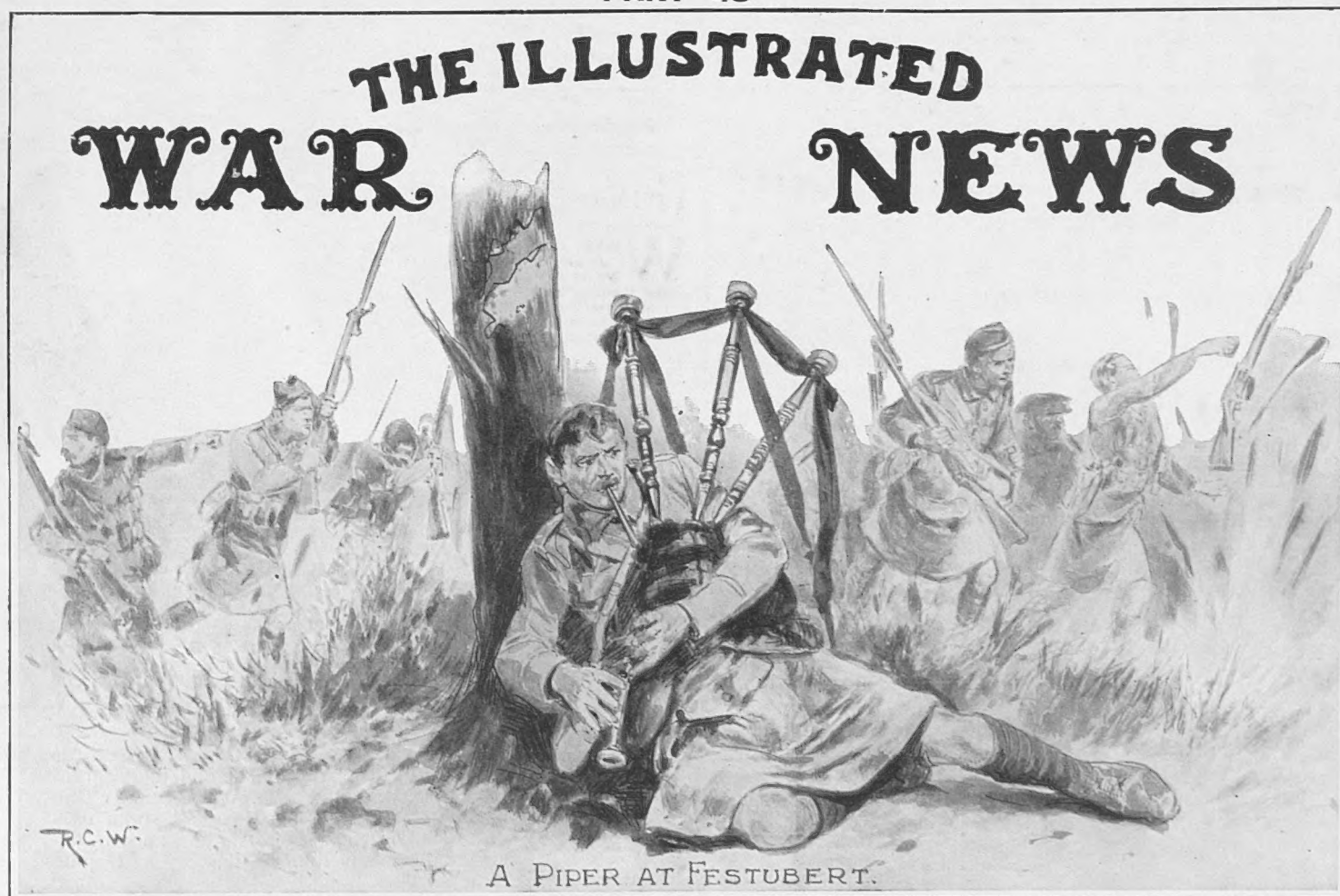
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